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NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 5, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Thirteen Who Won

FRANK CHODOROV

Democrats Capitalize on the Kohler Investigation

L. BRENT BOZELL

How to "Take" a Liberal

EDWARD LANGLEY

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . RICHARD M. WEAVER

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · E. MERRILL ROOT

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY · ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

For the Record

A very important triple-play is being attempted in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. The plan is to win GOP control in these states with Stassen in Pennsylvania, Shanley in New Jersey, Rockefeller in New York, even if it means losing the November elections to the Democrats. The GOP convention delegates from these three states then would be used to stop Nixon and Knowland in 1960 and give the top of the ticket to a New Republican....Plans are being made in many parts of the U.S. to hold memorial services on the first anniversary of the death of Senator Joe McCarthy on May 2. Mrs. McCarthy will travel to Appleton, Wisconsin to attend an anniversary requiem mass at St. Mary's Church, where funeral services were held last year.

The economists who insist that a yardstick to the national economy is the ease with which prison inmates get jobs upon being paroled, are pointing to Florida. About 150 inmates, free to leave the State Prison, are staying on. No jobs.

Unnoticed by the press: Last week an important anti-Communist congress took place in Mexico City. Thirty countries were represented. The consensus of the delegates, who hope to stage a world-wide anti-Communist congress some time within the next year, is that Mexico and Uruguay are the two centers of Communist infiltration in this hemisphere....Little San Marino has appealed to Italy and the U.S. for financial help. The Communist Government ousted in last October's elections left a treasury deficit of a million and a quarter dollars for the population of 13,000 to shoulder ....President Batista is being urged to proceed with the June 1 national elections by associates who point out that postponement would play into the hands of his political opponents in Cuba and the United States ....Martha Dodd Stern, Communist daughter of the former U.S. Ambassador to Germany, has settled in Czechoslovakia, and is looking for a U.S. publisher for her forthcoming book on "the lot of the progressive American."

Quote of the week: Robert E. Sorensen of the Radio Free Europe Committee: "If this country [U.S.] were occupied and we [were] broadcasting from Canada, we'd try to get Walter Lippmann or someone of that nature to be a commentator. Immediately, people would listen and trust our broadcasts."

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● We learn that the Vanguard that finally went up, and orbits gaily over us as we write, contained a modification over its disastrous predecessors which was not widely reported; and, *mirabile dictu,* we have the *New York Times* to thank for bringing it to our attention. The successful model contains, grafted against the casing of the rocket, a St. Christopher medal! The addition, we see from a facsimile of the form entitled "Drawing Change Request," was duly checked out by engineers, designers, metallurgists and production men for Stress, Weight, Material, Operation, Control, Manufacturing, and Inspection. Under the heading "Reason For Change" appears, very simply, "Addition of Divine Guidance." Then, at the bottom of the form there is an asterisk and the notation: "The cost will be deferred by field crew members and no additional charges will be made for engineering, manufacturing, installation, inspection, processing, etc." This last precaution was undoubtedly intended to avert the hurtling figure of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam descending upon Canaveral at the moment of count-down, and smashing his frame against the controls, shouting that he will not countenance the union of Church and State.

● The Committee for Economic Development has come forth with a recommendation for a 20 per cent across-the-board reduction in personal income taxes if the recession continues to deepen through April. Since the aim of the cut would be to provide a quick fillip to consumption expenditures, not to reform the tax structure, the CED suggests that it be offered for a year only, to expire automatically on March 31, 1959. The CED proposal seems infinitely preferable to schemes for splurging on public works, which could hardly take hold in the immediate future. But a tax cut should be accompanied by a drastic retrenchment in government spending on things that add nothing to the productivity of the economy. We grow tired of hearing ourselves mention the savings contemplated in the Hoover Commission reports. But we grow equally tired of being inflated to death, too.

● Lawyer Robert Benjamin has been named chairman of the finance committee for the Democratic Advisory Council. Republicans cannot be blamed if they are caught hoping Mr. Benjamin's appeals to the public on behalf of Democratic candidates will be as successful as his appeals to the courts on behalf of Alger Hiss.

● In an illuminating interview with Greg MacGregor of the *New York Times,* Premier Sjafruddin Prawiranegara of the Sumatra government expressed confidence in the longer term outcome of the Indonesian civil war, in spite of early setbacks that had been both anticipated and discounted. Insisting that his regime was "much stronger politically than the Jakarta government" but for the present "inferior from a military point of view," Premier Sjafruddin confirmed the estimate of military needs summarized in last week's editorial "The South Seas Chapter." "Russian assistance [to Sukarno] is an aspect we are afraid of," he added. "That might mean a Korean type of intervention. According to Radio Jakarta, four Russian ships arrived there recently, manned by Russian personnel . . . We do not want to be killed by Russians. We started the revolutionary government to prevent Indonesia from being colonized by Russia through Sukarno." Meanwhile, although the significance of the Indonesian struggle is well understood in this country, there are few signs that Washington has been able to shake itself out of its lethargy.

● A Brazilian court has revoked the arrest order under which Luis Carlos Prestes, chief of Brazil's Communists and one of the top leaders of the world Communist apparatus, has been outlawed for the past eight years. This will permit not only Prestes but the other Brazilian Communist leaders to re-enter active public life, and to take charge of the Communist campaign to organize for the scheduled October elections a Brazilian united front "against Yankee imperialism"—the slogans for which were issued only a few days prior to the court order. Some observers suspect that the Prestes amnesty is a delayed payoff for the Communist support given to President Juscelino Kubitschek during the precarious weeks of the "preventive coup" that settled him into office at the end of January 1956.

● The agriculture committee of the National Planning Association has analyzed Nikita Khrushchev's prediction, made a year ago, that by 1960 the Soviet Union would catch up with the United States in the production of meat and milk. Declaring that it cannot "take seriously" Khrushchev's boasts, the committee finds "no possibility" that they can be made good. "The collective system of forced production and regimentation has been a colossal failure." Khrushchev gave "fantastic figures," and Russia is "far behind the United States."

● Peeking below the coverlet of snow that still blankets their wintry fields, Polish farmers are convinced that a bumper crop of winter grain is in the making. The elements, of course, have cooperated to make such a prospect likely, but if Gomulka had not

permitted the farmers a "retreat" from collectivization, they would hardly have sowed their fields so assiduously in the first place. In neighboring Czechoslovakia, which stands in the same weather and precipitation belt as Poland, crop prospects are nowhere near as good. The reason? Let the statistics supply an answer: while the Czechs have been increasing their pace of socialization (65 per cent of their crop acreage is now collectivized), the Poles have cut their collectives back from 23 per cent to 11 per cent of the total.

● Apropos of the German Social Democrats' threat of a "general strike" against nuclear weapons, our guess is 1) that sooner or later there's going to have to be a showdown between Adenauer and the German pacifists, 2) that the sooner it comes the better, and that, therefore, 3) it would be all to the good if Ollenhauer could be prodded into calling the strike, so that 4) we could sit back and count on Adenauer's breaking it.

● The frail health of *Time & Tide* in London is a matter of concern not only to Englishmen but to Americans. Among English journals of opinion, *Time & Tide* is the sanest, and indeed the only voice of thoroughgoing conservatism. It is edited by Lady Rhondda Fleming, who has generously underwritten the deficit for many years, and its managing editor is the distinguished Mr. Anthony Lejeune. In February Lady Rhondda made the simple announcement that she was "no longer able to provide" the subsidy, and called on the readers of *Time & Tide* to save the magazine (its deficit is $1,500 per week) or be prepared to do without it after the 22nd of March. The response, we are glad to report, has been encouraging enough to postpone the immediate crisis. Our best wishes to Lady Rhondda and her staff for a successful campaign for funds. Heaven only knows her country needs her paper.

● The *Guild Reporter,* house organ for the Newspaper Guild, has had to explain blushingly to Southern Guildsmen its recent laudatory reprint of a speech by Harry Ashmore, Liberaldom's Voice of the South. It develops that Editor Ashmore broke a 1950 Guild strike against his paper and flayed the Guild out of Little Rock. Conservative Guildsmen who have remained loyal union members despite a systematic boycott of their viewpoint may learn from this incident how to get their bylines into their union paper.

● One wonders what prompted the United States Parole Board once again to refuse to deal magnanimously with David Greenglass, who has served one half his fifteen-year term for being a member of the Rosenberg atomic spy ring. Mr. Greenglass, having grievously repented his treasonable activities against his country, devoted himself to making reparation in any way he could, specifically by cooperating with the FBI, congressional investigating committees, the courts, and intelligence agencies. He is entitled to clemency; and our treatment of him should give hope to other Communists contemplating defection. It is ironic that unrepentant Communists are these days being freed by the Supreme Court while penitent ex-Communists are made to requite the last farthing.

● We have nothing to go by but the newspictures—and just how sure is anybody that Prince Faisal isn't just King Saud with a new beard-do?

● Our associate Mr. Finis Farr writes that *he* is surprised that the *Senators* were surprised at learning, in the course of investigating the Kohler strike, that a goon continued to receive his union pay while he served time for savagely beating an elderly man. "They would not have been so surprised," writes Mr. Farr, "if they were familiar with the sociological classic, *The Professional Thief,* written by a professional thief and first published in the University of Chicago Sociological Series in 1937. This authoritative work states that when a thief is in the 'can' (prison) other thieves feel obligated to look after his needs and see that his family is provided for. 'It is very common when a mob is "cutting up" (dividing the proceeds of) a day's work to suggest sending a part of it to some member of the profession, not necessarily one of the mob, who is doing a "bit" (prison sentence). . . . Whenever money is sent to anyone doing a bit, it is purely a gift. Thieves are glad to be able to send it, as it is the only way they have of expressing friendship and continued memory of him.'"

A Looking Glass for the Senate

Mr. Robert Bendiner, writing a Washington letter for the far-left English weekly *New Statesman and Nation,* reports with open-mouthed wonder how the U.S. Senate accepted Senator Allen J. Ellender's account of life and times behind the iron curtain. No one on the *New Statesman* would bat an eyelash at such statements of Senator Ellender as that there is "a growing belief among the Russian people that their system is superior in all respects to ours in the West"; or that he saw in Russia "apparent domestic contentment"; or that in Russia industry is developing "more rapidly than I have ever seen industry developed anywhere else"; or that the people who

are effecting this industrial revolution are not slaves but "the same kind of people as those who made America great. They are pioneers"; or that the way to ease tension is to have more conferences with the Communist leaders, more exchange programs, and cut down, in our foreign aid programs, the emphasis on the military. No, what caught the *New Statesman's* attention was not Senator Ellender's illusions—which the *New Statesman* has entertained so long they are a part of the family—but the reception given to Ellender. Senator Aiken commented on his colleague's speech that it is a sign of progress that it was made "without interruption from either side of the aisle." "Senator Dworshak of Idaho," said the *New Statesman,* "an old guard Republican and an isolationist to boot, paid tribute to the traveller's 'diligence and fairness.' From Senator Thurmond, once presidential candidate of the diehard Dixiecrats, came even more florid compliments, in which he was joined by Democratic Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts."

All this "in the chamber so recently hypnotized by the late Senator Joseph McCarthy."

Who no doubt turns over in his grave at what he sees going on in his country; as do the fifteen or twenty million Russians who, failing to appreciate the domestic contentment, stood in the way of the great Russian pioneers, and were shot, or starved, or frozen, to death.

First, But Not Last

The demand that the public schools be rescued from the professional educators has now assumed such proportions that we can cautiously say, This is one *we* are going to win. And when we say "we," we mean "we"—*we conservatives,* that is. For it was predominantly the conservative community, against the stubborn and continuous resistance of the predominantly Liberal community, who kicked up the fuss to begin with, and who have gone on agitating the issue, to the point where the things about education they have been saying for literally years and years, are now becoming clear even to the editors of *Life* and the cultural dead-end kids among the atomic scientists.

Don't, we urge our readers, let 'em forget it, or try to tell you different. When *Life* says editorially "The problem underlying all our confusion is . . . a matter of traditions and philosophy . . . [and] only by grasping this can we figure out where and how our education system went wrong," it is echoing NATIONAL REVIEW and, out of an earlier period, books by Mortimer Smith that were published by a leading conservative house, Henry Regnery Company. When it goes on to say, "With [John] Dewey's world so demonstrably in tatters, one might think the educationists would run up the white flag. Far from it. Entrenched in public school administrations, they defend with the adhesiveness of a band of brothers every article of their gobbledegook canons"—it joins a Tory crusade.

Resurgent American conservatism has, in a word, drawn first blood. First but, we're here to tell you, not last.

Kilkenny Cats in Cuba

The civil wars that are always about to happen in Latin America rarely come off; and NATIONAL REVIEW's guess, despite the scare headlines in the press, is that Cuba will get out of its present predicament without much blood being spilled. Fidel Castro seems as little able to extend his insurrection beyond the confines of rugged Oriente Province as Batista to liquidate him.

After many months of open defiance of the central government, Castro himself claims to have no more than 4,000 troops at his disposal, and his latest proclamation, in which he sentences to certain death all servants of the central government who do not come over to him, has more the overtones of *opéra bouffe* than of the wave of the future.

What does seem clear, however, is that Batista has committed the one crime a Latin American strongman cannot commit, namely: to cease to be strong.

Batista cannot govern; and he ought at once, superpatriot that he professes to be, to step down in favor of a caretaker government that might proceed to general elections, thus robbing Fidel Castro of that part of his strength that he owes to Batista's being a dictator.

Much more alarming is the unprecedented state of affairs in Colombia, the one Latin American nation that has shown a capacity for sustained civil war (as it used to be the one Latin American nation that had demonstrated its capacity for governing itself democratically). There an attempt is being made to restore government-by-elections by means of a cut-and-dried agreement between the two major parties that, in effect, deprived the recent election of all the significance that normally attaches to elections in a democracy. The two parties agreed, regardless of the electoral results, to divide equally the seats in the representative assembly. The presidency was to go to that one of the parties which, as everyone expected, proved in the elections to be conspicuously the weaker. As strong men cannot govern when they become weak, so democratic governments cannot govern when they cut themselves off from the electoral principle. We are holding our breaths about developments in Bogota.

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has five weeks to live. Fifty-eight weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

Cronies

To judge from a report of the Democratic Research Service, India's outstanding anti-Communist organization, the Kremlin was wasting its money when it sent Bulganin and Khrushchev on an Indian tour. Without paying a ruble it has netted even juicier propaganda results from a February visit by Henry Cabot Lodge, head of the U.S. delegation to the UN. Ambassador Lodge, who has come a long way since he refused to shake hands with Vishinsky at the outset of his career in the UN, spent his public time posing for pictures, exchanging nosegays and "hugging handshakes" with the bitterly anti-American and ardently pro-Soviet Indian Defense Minister, V. K. Krishna Menon.

Turning his official trip into "almost a personal visit to Krishna Menon," Mr. Lodge made publicized appearances with his crony at "Leftist rendezvous, where [Lodge] was fawned on by comrades." The pro-Communist *Blitz* rejoiced editorially at Mr. Lodge's "flattering attitude toward Krishna Menon," which, *Blitz* concluded, proved that Menon is just the man to lead Washington on to the Summit.

Reaching for a gesture that could crystallize the spirit of friendship between Communism and the West, Krishna Menon's patron, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, gave his official backing to the ceremonies to be held April 9 in the four largest Indian cities to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Communist wheelhorse Paul Robeson. "Celebration of his birthday," Nehru proclaimed, "is something more than a tribute to a great individual. It is also a tribute to that cause for which he has stood and suffered."

What "Scientists" "Agree"?

NATIONAL REVIEW views with deep suspicion the catechism on nuclear bomb testing that turned up the other day in a full-page ad in the *New York Herald Tribune*—and notes with horror that the sponsors include, along with nearly everyone one would expect, some folk whom we would have supposed to know better (Pitirim Sorokin, for example, and James G. Patton).

We are, the ad proclaims, all victims of "contamination without representation"; no nation has the right to inject radioactive poisons into the earth's atmosphere without general consent; in our own country radioactive strontium in the bones of adults has already increased 33 per cent over the 1955-56 level; the consensus among "scientists" is that we dare not assume there is such a thing as a "safe" dosage of radioactive strontium; each nuclear explosion adds to the "long-term killing power" of the radioactive material now in the air; unlimited testing will—again, we are told, "scientists" "agree" —usher in a "period of serious danger within the near future"; at best, development of a "clean" bomb will take years and years, and "we can't afford that kind of time"; the present hydrogen bombs are vastly more powerful than people realize, and are going to be used, sure as shooting, in any future war; no effective civilian defense against hydrogen bombs is possible; doing away with testing will not, to be sure, bring peace, but will at least put us on the way toward it; let us, then, divorce testing from other disarmament issues, and propose a two- to three-year ban "under a reciprocal inspection system" to be supervised by UN; the Russians have agreed to a test ban, and while we don't know they can be counted on to accept the "necessary conditions," we have "yet to meet their challenge."

In other words, Dr. Edward Teller, whose views

on the matter we canvassed recently in this space, is by implication either a fool or a knave. And we, as good Liberals, do not have to take notice of—much less try to meet—his arguments.

From the New Republic to National Review Without Love (gulp)

The following is an exact reproduction of a letter received last week from the oh-so-exasperated Editor-at-Large of the New Republic, *Mr. Michael Straight. We publish it along with our footnoted comments on the points it raises.*

[No salutation] March 20

"In the current issue of your paper the familiar label of moral delinquency that you bestow so generously[1] on others is pinned upon the New Leader for its failure to disabuse its readers once the misleading nature of information it had published became known.[2]

"An editorial in the same issue identifies a letter-writer to the Washington Post as a 'transparent cover' for the Soviet M.V.D.[3] (Her views you will recall, differed from your own.)[4] You further branded the Washington Post as a 'gushing outlet' (whatever that is)[5], for Soviet propaganda on the ground that is had published this forgery from the Communist propaganda machine.[6]

"Today's Washington Post which I enclose identifies the letterwriter in question as Miss Trang Theim Kim, a young, non-Communist Viet-Namese girl, friendly to the United States.[7]

"I wait with confidence to read your editorial disabusing your readers of the erroneous notions which you impressed upon them[8], and further apologising to the Washington Post, and its managing editor.[9]

M. STRAIGHT[10]"

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1. It does not take generosity. Merely perception.
2. Oh, but we didn't. The article (p. 263) stated that the *New Leader did* disabuse its readers. The hoax was perpetrated by *Young Technique*, a Communist periodical. Mr. Straight has confused Communists with anti-Communists before, and all the time we thought it was because he couldn't always distinguish between the two positions. Maybe all he has needed is a course in remedial reading!
3. Not quite. "A transparent cover for a banal Communist operation."
4. What is more, her views differed from those of any person who is anti-Communist and rational.
5. An outlet that gushes.
6. No—on the grounds that the *Washington Post* is regularly, not episodically, duped by Communist propaganda.
7. The story does not "identify" her as "non-Communist" or as "friendly to the United States." It merely asserts that she is so regarded by unnamed Embassy officials who visited her. The contents of her original letter, published in the *Washington Post,* exactly duplicated the Communist line in Southeast Asia, which is hardly "non-Communist," or 'friendly to the U.S." NATIONAL REVIEW spoke of Miss Trang as a "cover" for a Communist operation, which is precisely correct. By definition, covers are either non-Communists, or concealed Communists. They serve the Communists' purpose, as Miss Trang did in writing this letter, and the *Post* in publishing it. The *content* of the letter, as transmitted by Miss Trang to the *Post* and by the *Post* to its readers, is, uniquely and unmistakably, Communist in character, concept, and rhetoric.
8. Before disabusing our readers, we must first abuse them.
9. Apologies are not in order for the *Washington Post,* or its managaing editor, Mr. Alfred Friendly. Rather, sympathy. Three short years ago a shifty amateur confidence man called Paul Hughes made them jump through hoops by feeding them—or rather selling them—weird and wonderful accounts of the Stygian doings of Senator McCarthy. How can one expect them, gulled by so palpable a fraud, to see through the cool connivings of skilled propagandists? So we duly extend, to them *and* their readers, NATIONAL REVIEW's sympathy.
10. Next time you write, Brother Straight, please address your letter "Dear Sirs" and end it "Very truly yours." We promise not to take this as a sign of weakness, or to whisper to a *soul* that you have been civil to c-ns-rv-t-v-s.

Notes and Asides

We are glad to report that NATIONAL REVIEW'S suggestion that a private committee examine the work of Radio Free Europe, so much criticized in recent months by Fulton Lewis Jr., has met with favorable comment. Next week a few persons will commence to examine a way of going at the problem, and we shall report on their recommendations two issues hence. We are happy to hear that Mr. Fulton Lewis Jr. has offered to put his entire files at the disposal of the Committee, holding back only the names of informants who have asked to be anonymous. Radio Free Europe has not volunteered its position on the proposal, and has not been approached, so far as we know, by any member of the proposed Committee.

Our Contributors—EDWARD LANGLEY ("How to 'Take' a Liberal") has been a professional writer and actor for fifteen years. Mr. Langley specializes in radio scripts, among which have been "Superman," "Real Stories from Real Life" and, until last year, the series called "The FBI in Action."

The Kohler Investigation, II

Democratic Squeeze Play

L. BRENT BOZELL

The one way to make sense of the Kohler "investigation," we noted in an earlier installment, is to view it as a political contest between Republicans who want to publicize UAW strike tactics and Democrats who don't. As the hearings moved into their fifth week, with the long-awaited confrontation of Walter Reuther near at hand, the defeat of the Republicans was as good as accomplished. The Republicans had succeeded in putting together a telling indictment of the UAW leadership, but the Democrats—thanks to adroit maneuvering on the part of the committee members and the UAW counsel, and to the cooperation of the daily press—had succeeded in burying the indictment in the official transcripts. The press had not ignored the investigation. Headlines told of Chairman McClellan's charge of "smear" at Kohler's hiring of a UP photographer to take pictures of UAW counsel Rauh talking with committee members; of Kohler counsel Conger's testimony that the company had hired private detectives ("spies") to track down evidence of law violation; of McClellan's gallantry in preventing Republicans from impeaching the UAW's chief international representative at Sheboygan by showing that the woman he had publicly represented to the community as his wife, in fact had been his mistress. But such items had squeezed out nearly all reference to the question to which the bulk of the testimony related: how the UAW conducted the strike.

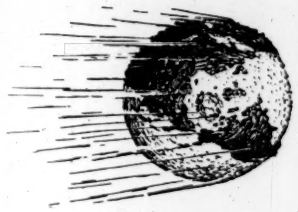
The day McClellan huffed about the UP photographer, the committee's chief witness was John Konec, the UAW's "picket captain" during the strike. Had UAW picketers, Senator Mundt wanted to know, kept non-strikers out of the plant? Yes, Konec conceded— but this was not the union's "intent." Had the picketers (two to three thousand of them) marched shoulder to shoulder in two lines moving in opposite directions in front of the Kohler gates? Yes—but this had been done in order to make room for all of those who wanted to take part in the demonstration. Had the union made a point of taking down the name and license plate numbers of workers who tried to cross the picket lines or who applied for employment at Kohler after the strike had begun? Yes—but the purpose had been to enable the UAW to "contact" the wayward, "talk to them," and "persuade" them of their error. Had Konec been aware of a series of "home demonstrations" by a couple of hundred persons in front of the houses of non-strikers? Yes—but Konec was sure they had been "completely spontaneous." Had Konec been present at such demonstrations? Yes, at two of them (later it was six)—but this had been "entirely by accident": he happened to own a tavern nearby, and on hearing the ruckus, naturally wandered over to see what was going on.

The day of the story about the extra-marital affair, the committee heard a number of first-hand accounts from Kohler workers as to the price of crossing the UAW. One employee told of interminable phone calls, of an attempted dynamiting of his car, of "paint bombs" thrown into his living room, of a beating. Another told of the phone calls, of two shotgun blasts into his home. A third experienced a shooting and, of course, the phone calls. A fourth the same. A fifth had been forced to move from his home; he had also owned three cars during the strike—one had been ruined by acid spraying, the next destroyed by dynamite, the last wrecked by rioters. A sixth employee had escaped the phone calls since he had no telephone, but had been threatened on the street and his lakeside cottage had been ravaged by acid throwers. And so on. Besides the "live" testimony, the committee received 836 affidavits describing acts of violence and vandalism during the course of the strike.

The Republicans got a press break just once: when UAW secretary-treasurer Emil Mazey brazenly asserted that the reason the Catholic clergy of Sheboygan and the local Bar Association had passed resolutions condemning him was that the Kohler Company "controlled" these groups. But while the news stories duly recorded the committee's "shock" at Mazey's recklessness, scarcely a line was devoted to the event that led up to the condemnation resolution—the brutal beating of a Kohler worker by a UAW thug on loan from Detroit (four broken ribs and a punctured lung); Mazey's public attack on the judge who sentenced the thug (a man "unqualified to serve in this community"); Mazey's organization of a boycott against two local grocery stores in which the judge owned an interest.

The following day the committee gathered further insights into the UAW's approach to a strike. Emil Mazey had told the people of Sheboygan: "Every person in the community, whether they have an interest in the outcome of our struggle with Kohler Company or not . . . ought to choose sides in this struggle. There isn't any middle ground. They are either for us or against us." And again: "[the non-strikers] have joined the ranks of the enemy. During the war, when they join the enemy, they are shot when convicted." Precautions had been taken, however, to keep such views within the committee room. At the outset of the session, Mazey made a specious offer to submit the terms of a contract with Kohler to arbitration. Senator Kennedy smoothly placed the offer before the Kohler attorneys, who promptly turned it down. The *New York Times* headline for that day was typical: "KOHLER REJECTS UAW PEACE BID."

And so it went. The Republicans had hoped, by this time, to have Reuther and Company pinned to the wall. They had counted on the press and the public reacting indignantly to the Kohler evidence, thus forcing the UAW's dictator, when he appeared before the committee, to defend his union's sins. They are now resigned to listening to one of Sir Walter's lectures on the social philosophy of the American Left, and calling it a day.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Who Wants Disarmament?

In the United States disarmament is largely an egghead problem. What the ordinary citizen wants is arms: plenty of them, and better than anyone else's. He feels most secure when he believes that the world's biggest and best army, navy, air force, missiles and moons are out there protecting him, and ready to pulverize anybody that starts anything serious. Moreover, he knows that ever since the First World War a big armament program has meant good times —more jobs and high wages.

Of course his betters have proclaimed such an attitude barbarous, and have told him that all decent, moral people go for disarmament. So, to prove that he too is decent and moral, our ordinary citizen is perfectly willing to tell a Gallup pollster or the local TV forum that he is a great disarmament fan, just like he is for the UN and racial equality and an end to off-the-track betting. No use getting into trouble by talking out of turn: tell them what they want to hear, and go on about your own business.

Such a public attitude is probably exceptional nowadays. In most countries most citizens probably favor disarmament: either because everyone knows that the country in question has no chance to get anywhere in the big-time armament race anyway; or because under the local economic conditions the choice really is (as it is *not* in the United States), guns or butter, so that the armament program is quite literally taking bread out of their mouths and clothes off their backs; or because they have directly experienced the devastation of modern war, and imagine that if they play 'possum they can somehow escape the still graver destruction threatened by the next.

Among such disarmament-prone peoples are to be numbered those of most European nations both East and West. Thus the Kremlin's disarmament propaganda finds a more responsive mass audience in Europe, including its own European regions, than in the United States. The West European audience response, in fact, is almost the reverse of the American. In Western Europe a fair portion of the governing élite, which still retains some sense of responsibility, tries to resist the uncritical disarmament sentiment of the masses —particularly the demoralized urban masses. In the United States the demoralized Liberal élite, dominating both public opinion and government, tries to soften the uncritical mass resistance to disarmament schemes.

The Disarmament Doctrine

Approved U.S. disarmament doctrine now runs somewhat as follows. Disarmament (partial or total) is a good thing which we "want." Disarmament is to our interest, and to everyone's interest, including that of the Soviet peoples. The only trouble is that we can't "trust" the Soviet leaders. They may not be "sincere" about wanting disarmament, and therefore might cheat on an agreement—*e.g.*, might go on testing nuclear weapons in secret after signing an agreement for test suspension. This will be solved (if we can keep Edward Teller's mouth shut) by setting up a "foolproof" inspection system.

Every one of these propositions is questionable.

What if the Kremlin really *wants* disarmament? Obviously it wants *us* to disarm, but what if it is anxious for a certain amount of mutual disarming? Then there would no longer be any difficulty about "sincerity" or "trust," nor would it matter very much how foolproof the inspection system might be. The Soviet Union would keep the disarmament agreement because it desired, it *chose*, to do so.

Is the supposition wholly fantastic? But what if the truths about the present situation include some or all of the following: 1) that in spite of Sputniks and big talk about nuclear capabilities, ICBM's and submarines by the gross, the Soviet Union is far behind us in advanced armament systems; 2) that the Soviet Union is, on net, dropping further behind the United States in weapons capabilities, not forging ahead; 3) that the strain of a massive armament program on the much inferior productive resources of the Soviet economy is causing increasingly grave dislocations; 4) that the peoples of its captive nations and even of Russia itself are growingly restive at losing bread and butter for the sake of guns with unsympathetic missions; 5) that the Communist leaders do not propose to put their entire stake on the doubtful cast of all-out war when experience proves how much more surely they can approach their goal by other means; 6) that even if it does come to general war, the Soviet Union will do the better in it the more the struggle rests on masses of soldiers rather than on advanced technology.

If any one or more of these six is true—and all six are rather probable—then it makes sense for Moscow to seek—sincerely—some form of disarmament limitation.

Cold War Strategy

There has been no public discussion of a fact well known to the more thoughtful segments of our military and intelligence apparatus: that for the United States a massive armament race is itself a primary method of fighting the cold war. Our resilient economy, with its immense reserve capacities, can take in its stride an arms program at almost any level. The Soviet economy, with so much smaller a productive base to work from, is painfully distorted by the unavoidable effort to keep up. A jet plane they build, a nuclear bomb they explode or a missile they blast off subtracts four or five times as much as one of ours, percentage-wise, from the available pool of energy.

It almost seems that we have stood the disarmament issue on its head. What we should be afraid of is not that we can't trust the Russians on disarmament, but that we can.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Myth of "Clerical" Government

The Vatican, at the present moment, has certain troubles with two Catholic countries—Italy and Austria. In the case of Italy the difficulties derive from the fact that Bishop Fiorelli of Prato was given a suspended sentence for having publicly denounced a Communist couple as living in concubinage since they had merely contracted a civil marriage at the City Hall. Both partners were baptized in the Catholic faith; neither has renounced it; and the Church considers two Catholics of opposite sex living together without having gone through the Catholic marriage ceremony as partners in concubinage and therefore public sinners.

Contrary to prevalent opinion, according to the Catholic doctrine, the sacrament of marriage is administered mutually by the partners. The priest merely "assists" and blesses the marriage. Catholics who cannot hope to find a priest within a reasonable time may contract their (sacramental) marriage before witnesses. Still, the Catholic who rejects the "nuptial blessing" is considered to be not married, but living in concubinage. To analyze such a situation in the light of his convictions is the inalienable right of any Catholic, layman or priest. There is, however, no logical reason why a materialistic Communist should be hurt, shocked, or dismayed by the analysis. Comrade Mauro Bellandi's main grievance was his loss of business as a sausage vendor, and not an affront to his bourgeois "honor."

Now, it can be questioned whether Bishop Fiorelli's denunciation was a "politically" wise step. In all likelihood the Bishop felt bound in conscience to write as he did. I have no idea how the case has been reported in the American press and I fear that two "innocent young people, romantically in love" have been depicted as victims of a tyrannical and "medieval" ecclesiastic. Here it would be well to set the record straight.

First, the denunciation was not public. It was private communication from the Bishop to one of his parish priests, who referred to the letter in public. Secondly, the Communist Party in the Prato diocese was conducting a methodical propaganda against church marriages. Thirdly, the wedding—it took place way back in the summer of 1956—was demonstratively anti-Catholic. The Left-Socialist Mayor "celebrated" it in the most solemn fashion; the nuptial banquet was served in a restaurant opposite the Bishop's palace; and the square in front of the Cathedral was chosen as the spot where the newlyweds received congratulations. The Bishop reacted as I have indicated, and the violently Communist husband brought suit against him in the summer of 1957. The conviction — immediately appealed—was pronounced only the other day. It is important to realize that the affair was carefully timed by the Communists to explode before the May elections.

The conviction, I have no doubt, was contrary to the spirit and the letter of the Concordat of 1929. It had a curious dual result: an enormous and exaggerated wave of indignation in ecclesiastic quarters; and a very short-lived jubilation among the Communists, who soon found out that the (unjust) verdict was very much to the liking of the *Democristiani* (the Catholic party) because it enabled them to boast that they run a Christian government which fully respects the independence of the judiciary. Their papers, such as *Il Quotidiano,* kidded the professional anti-clericals.

The Communists' hopes to get proof of the government's "clericalism" were dashed. However, they are now letting the cat out of the bag by prominently featuring M. Roger Peyrefitte, a most unsavory character who has been fired from the French diplomatic service, as anti-Papal writer in their daily *Paese Sera.* This also chagrins the Vatican to an extent which amazes North Europeans; and it evokes the special ire of the *Osservatore Romano,* which is demanding a more severe application of Italian laws against this professional slanderer.

The Vatican's other grievance is directed against Austria and its Catholic-Socialist coalition government. Ideologically this alliance has always been an uneasy one. In 1934 Austria concluded a Concordat with the Vatican on whose validity the latter insists, whereas the Socialists contest it on the grounds that Austria in 1934 was under a non-democratic, constitutionally illegal "clerico-fascist" rule. The Socialist partners in the Austrian coalition seem perfectly willing to negotiate a new Concordat; but there is little likelihood that the old federal marriage laws, practically in abeyance since the *Anschluss* in 1938, can be restored. Leftist (Nazi) legislation, with Socialist aid, is probably here to stay.

Now the exchange of notes between the Vatican and Austria has been published in full. Austria expresses readiness to negotiate a new Concordat, whereas the Vatican coolly insists on the validity of the old one, while conceding that one or another "minor modification" could be made. Is the Vatican legally in the right? No doubt. But the *Volkspartei,* the Catholic party, whose marginal liberal wing with slight anti-clerical leanings has to be considered seriously, will not too readily comply with the desires of the Vatican.

All this shows that the great influence of the Catholic faith in Free Europe and the power of the Vatican, are two entirely different things. Europe has always had this quality of "Emperor and Pope," and some of the most devoutly Catholic monarchs have been the staunchest political enemies of the Papacy. This dualism has lessened considerably in our day, but the fact remains that the Catholic parties are, in many ways, the logical heirs of their royal or imperial predecessors. Lack of reverence for authority—*any* authority—has always been both the strong and weak point of Catholic nations. Clericalism, on the Continent, has always been a myth.

Thirteen Who Won

For the members of the Teamsters Union—and all other unions—a courageous group of rank-and-file teamsters and their redoubtable lawyer have made thirteen a lucky number

FRANK CHODOROV

To keep the record straight, let it be known that James R. Hoffa, elected president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers at its convention last October, is in fact only a *provisional* president; that the other officers elected with him are likewise serving on a *provisional* basis; that these officers are operating under an equity receivership acting as agent of the United States Court for the District of Columbia. What is more, Hoffa and his henchmen of their own free will asked for this receivership and are thus on record as recognizing the provisional status of their position.

To be exact, the court order establishing this receivership does not so name it. The three-man board set up by the court to examine and supervise the affairs of both the International Brotherhood and its local components, and to recommend such changes as they deem necessary for the proper conduct of these organizations, is called a Board of Monitors. The name was decided upon out of deference to the sensibilities of the defendants in the case; they objected to the word "receivership." But, whatever it is called, the Board is an officer of the court, detailed to see that Hoffa operates within the framework of the union's constitution and adheres to procedures which harness his heretofore unrestrained will. He is, at long last, hamstrung.

The Hoffa dictatorship was broken by thirteen men, undistinguished for anything except integrity of the highest order. They were, and are, teamsters, members of the union in good standing, who decided it was time to do something about releasing the million and a half members of the organization from their thralldom. To that end they pledged their lives, their means of livelihood and their sacred honor. And because they held steadfast to their purpose, despite the possibility of losing their jobs, despite threats of being subjected to bodily injury, and despite the offer made to them by Hoffa's emissaries that they could "write their own ticket" if they would only give up the fight, they not only put the yoke of decency around Hoffa's neck, but they also established a legal precedent by which union members can rid themselves of the condition of servitude imposed upon them by their own bosses whenever they can get themselves to bring the facts before a court of law.

To be sure, the thirteen were supported by a lawyer who was similarly dedicated to their purpose, at considerable cost to himself in time and money. But, as Godfrey P. Schmidt hastens to point out, he could not have succeeded had it not been for the intrepidity of the thirteen. Beyond this help from legal counsel, the Teamster Rank and File Committee received no support, financial or otherwise, except from public-spirited individuals. The trucking companies, which might have been interested in the outcome of the fight, did not, despite rumors to the contrary, contribute one cent to the costs of the action. Nor did President George Meany of the AFL-CIO—who was at that time determined to throw the Teamsters Brotherhood out of the union of unions unless it got rid of Hoffa—lend them a hand. In fact, he did not even answer their letters requesting his support. There seems to be only one explanation for Mr. Meany's behavior, and that is by reference to the moral code of unionism. In this code the first imperative—borrowed, apparently, from the code of the underworld—is that in intra-union squabbles one must never "holler cop." And here the thirteen, having found it impossible to effect a housecleaning from within, definitely "hollered cop" and kept it up despite the scorn heaped on them by official and unofficial unionism. They recognized a higher code of ethics.

Court Order a Victory

For some unknown reason, the newspapers did not play up Judge Letts' Consent Order of January 31. Some of them even suggested that it represented a defeat for the Committee rather than a success. Perhaps the reporters did not read the order. If they had, they would have observed that, though the original purpose of ousting Hoffa and invalidating the elections of last October had been abandoned in favor of this "compromise," the Committee achieved something that the ousting alone would not have accomplished, namely: putting the union under the surveillance of the court until it adopts such reforms in its organizational methods as the court deems necessary for the protection of the membership. In the long run they got more than they gave up—and unionism as a whole profited by the "compromise."

The Board of Monitors is directed by this court order to protect the rights of individual members and the subordinate bodies of the International Brotherhood. Specifically mentioned are the right to vote periodically for elective officers, the right to honest, advertised elections, the right to fair and uniform qualifications for candidacy for office, the right to express views freely at meetings. Implied, of course, is the prospect of Hoffa and his henchmen being automatically subjected to court action if the Board reports violations of these

rights. This is true also if the Board is interfered with or hampered in the exercise of other duties assigned to it. The sword of Damocles hangs over the hierarchy as long as this receivership remains in force.

The Board is directed to "draft a model code of by-laws not inconsistent with the International constitution." This is tantamount to prescribing rules of behavior for union officers, present and future; rules which they may not break without incurring "contempt of court." This seems to be the first case in the annals of unionism of by-laws being written by a person or agency not under the control of union officials.

Financial Surveillance

The Board is directed to look into the financial affairs of both the International Brotherhood and the locals, and, if necessary, to establish "accounting and financial methods, procedures and controls affecting all funds and properties held, received and disbursed by and on behalf of the International Brotherhood and its subordinate bodies." The court thus recognizes the irregularities in the handling of union funds which the Rank and File Committee set forth in their complaint. "All persons having custody or management of such funds shall be required to adhere to the legal and equitable standards and obligations imposed on fiduciaries . . ." While this injunction may not seriously affect the "unlimited expense accounts" of the leaders, it certainly puts the label of "thief" on any who may use union funds for ventures not properly related to union business.

Does Hoffa have a financial interest in any of the enterprises with which the International Brotherhood bargains collectively, or in any business which competes with or has relations with a company bargaining with the union? If so, he had better get rid of that interest or answer to the court.

As for the trick of trusteeship[1] by which Hoffa controls local unions, the Board is directed to look into the status of these locals with the view to restoring self-government to them "with all deliberate speed." The inclusion of this provision must have been gall and wormwood to the controlling hierarchy.

Within a year after date of the order the General Executive Board of the Brotherhood is ordered to hold a new convention and a new election of officers, as recommended by the Board of Monitors, subject to these conditions: the delegates shall be elected by secret ballot "under the supervision of such outside agencies as the Honest Ballot Association"; the Board of Monitors is "authorized to counsel with the Credentials Committee [of the convention] and to make recommendations to it." Any evidence of rigging will throw the convention or its decisions into the hands of the court.

Recognizing the tactics of the Hoffa regime, the court directs that no reprisal of any sort shall be taken against the thirteen or any of the witnesses brought into the case. (Which no doubt accounts for Hoffa's apparent magnaminity in overruling, recently, a local executive board which had declared John Cunningham, Chairman of the Rank and File Committee, ineligible to run for union office.)

Godfrey P. Schmidt

The Consent Order further stipulates—this is something like adding insult to injury—that the union must pay all the expenses incurred by those who prosecuted the case, including attorney's fees. At long last Mr. Schmidt is assured of reimbursement of the funds he has laid out, plus a fee for a half year's work. The expenses of the Board of Monitors must also be assumed by the union; that is, it must pay for the surveillance under which its officers are placed.

Hoffa's Calculation

Why did Hoffa's lawyers consent to an arrangement of this kind? The fact is that they actually wrote the original draft of the order and submitted it to counsel for the thirteen. Why? In the first place, the thirteen had built up by the sheer weight of evidence an impregnable case, proving beyond doubt that the Teamsters convention had been rigged, that the trusteeship device for controlling local unions was a major instrument of rigging, that an intra-union dictatorship was in control of all union affairs, that the members had no voice in how their unions should be operated, that the funds of the unions had been used to promote the designs of the bosses. It was all too obvious that the court would rule in favor of the plaintiffs. Yet Hoffa could have dragged the case out for months, and there was the certainty that appeal litigation would keep the verdict inoperative for at least two years. Hoffa was not forced to concede defeat by lack of funds, and he must have known that the thirteen were starved for money. Why, then the consent agreement?

The answer is—Beck. As long as the case dragged through the courts, the title of president for which Hoffa had been yearning for years would be Beck's. And Beck could rule during all that time even as Hoffa would have liked to rule, in a high, wide and handsome way. That could mean for Hoffa two or more years of frustration. Better to be a provisional president than permanent president-elect. And, since Hoffa had been able in the past to circumvent the law in one way or another, we can take it for granted that he felt that the "provisional" part of his title would prove to be a mere formality. A little time at the helm and he would assuredly figure out some way of wiping out the qualifying adjective and establishing his dictatorship. There seems to be no other way to explain his willingness to concede defeat, and to agree to the Consent Order which his counsel wrote.

Will his calculation prove correct? The odds are against it. From evi-

[1] The trick consisted in ousting the elected officers of a local and replacing them with officers appointed by the officers of the International. Some locals have been in "trusteeship" fifteen or twenty years.

dence in the hands of the thirteen—evidence not introduced in the trial—it is doubtful that Hoffa can avoid running counter to the conditions imposed on him, no matter how gingerly he handles himself. Furthermore, with Godfrey P. Schmidt on the Board of Monitors (Hoffa, in his conversations with several of the thirteen, kept referring to Schmidt as "cop") it is reasonable to assume that the reforms and restraints the Board suggests to the court will prove most inconvenient and irritating, and that sooner or later an atavistic impulse will get the better of Hoffa's judgment. In that case, the "provisional" may turn out to be "temporary." Then there are the new elections and the new convention staring him in the face. Will he and his gang survive the secret ballot and the abolition of trusteeships?

The Consent Order was not the product of new law: The only thing new about it was the integrity, the moral courage, of those who invoked laws now on the statute books. It is assumed that the McClellan Committee now investigating union practices will come up with some bill intended to protect the rights of union members. The outcome of the case of the thirteen *vs.* Hoffa suggests that such a law will be superfluous, and that in any case it will prove ineffective unless union members invoke it and support complaints of infraction with evidence. A court does not initiate cases: it tries them. And in this case the court decided as it did only because the thirteen plaintiffs courageously adduced evidence in support of their case. It was the witnesses who wrote the decision.

How to "Take" a Liberal

Lattimore's books, the "Manchester Guardian," framed Herblock cartoons: with such lures will the canny conservative entrap the unsuspecting Left

EDWARD LANGLEY

Are you sensitive—easily bruised? Worry a lot about bad manners in high places? Is your conscience a fine, hair-trigger mechanism which throws you into a state of shock when a low, yellow journalist uses the word "sellout" in connection with the Supreme Court? Do you wince when you see NATIONAL REVIEW because it is "opinionated"? Or maybe moan in your sleep about "the impression America is making on her friends overseas"? Speak up now, brother, because if the shoe fits, you shouldn't go on. What follows here will bother the hell out of you.

Those of you remaining around the campfire, hard-bitten, crafty, reactionary, soulless freebooters, listen hard, because I think you have been missing the knockout spot in your brawls with those gentlemen of the Left who just walked out of here in a huff. But let me go on . . .

Have you been reading the backs of soap boxes lately? If not, give an eye to the big blue pack of washing powder which can be seen on the shelves of any good store. Notice that the one I have in mind is different. Something is missing. In place of the usual pitch about its being "breeze fresh," or containing rare chemical ingredients, there a Doll looking out at you from a pair of hypnotic lamps that follow you all over the room. She stares at you and says, "There's something *eerie* about the way this soap does a job." You get the significance of this ad? You see the trend *we* ought to be following? It is an idea so good that it should have come from our side. Still, maybe it isn't too late to capitalize on this simple, clean and effective "con" job.

My point is this: when you come down to it, the only really unique and highly talented type produced in large numbers here in the United States is the Confidence Man. Let's face it, we haven't been sharp in turning out poets. Our engineers and inventors, while clever, can hardly be called shrewd. Our businessmen are tough in the office, but they die when moved onstage into the spotlight. Our painters, scholars, actors shine once in a while—but it is strictly the glow of a 60-watt bulb. As for politicians and diplomats . . . you see any of them around?

Sobering as these facts are, you shouldn't let them depress you. Try to get what is known as the philosophic or "positive" outlook and you will see that the "con" man is something really bright and unusual on the American scene. Quit looking in museums for the élite and the noble. The American genius is not to be found on the campuses, in Toots Shor's, on Constitution or Madison Avenue. He is to be found, I submit, in the carnivals, the tent shows, the county fairs, the used car lots and the Bingo concessions. Take this in slow, and try to be broadminded, because we are in a bad way and have to work the talent we are blessed with.

One Born Every Minute

Once you get used to this idea, history begins to sparkle with some odd-looking lights and shadows. Remember that it was the great Phineas T. Barnum who made a mint of money off the crowned heads of Europe with nothing but an ordinary dwarf; that the Cardiff Giant was ordinary stone; that Yellow Kid Weill estimates he made eight million bucks through ordinary swindles; that *The Last Hurrah* is a best seller about once-ordinary political graft; that W. C. Fields sold the movie studios ordinary scripts written on the backs of ordinary envelopes for extraordinary amounts of money; and that every week some ordinary citizen loses a couple of thousand bucks to an

ordinary Gypsy with an ordinary run-of-the-mill grift to prove that people like to be taken and that we, as a nation, have produced plenty of men who can do it.

It would seem that we are the kind of people who either take or are taken; that if we do not practice our talents on others, others will practice theirs on us. And there is one other point. The Liberal, because of his funny makeup, is never really very good as a "con" man. Kind of like Edward Everett Horton doing Prince Valiant. Miscast. Yet he has been pretty successful in taking us. The whole secret of his grift seems to boil down to this: he makes the pitch that he is sincere and we buy because we are sorry for the flop he is making of his efforts.

What I started out to say is that the individual who wrote the come-on for the soap box has finally discovered something important. He has reverted to type. He has picked up the old trail blazed by Barnum and Jimmy Walker and blazed it further. No more slick reasoning or borrowed dignity—just the simple virtues of an honest seller of gold bricks. This is something *we* should have rediscovered—not him. However, let's give thanks for the tip, and start making use of the national talent for picking "marks."

As a start in this direction, I suggest we jog the mind with some beautiful pictures. For instance, do you despair about foreign affairs, about the flop in Hungary, the Sputniks and our trouble with rockets? Well, entertain for a minute the image of the late W. C. Fields as Ambassador to Yugoslavia, and notice how the depression begins to lift. Watch that arched finger and the way the nose twitches as he talks to Tito, and pretty soon you can visualize Belgrade becoming the sixth borough of the City of New York.

Substitute a P. T. Barnum for John Foster Dulles (this is hard but it can be done) and then relax and enjoy high-level negotiations. Feel the lift you get from this kind of contemplation? The black stops in your head go away and you start getting ideas you could use in your home town right away. For instance, the woman at the PTA who is always endorsing UNESCO, or the guy with the gray crew-cut and pipe who bores you every time you go to the library. These are "marks," my son, ready and willing to be taken. Only up to now they have been taking you.

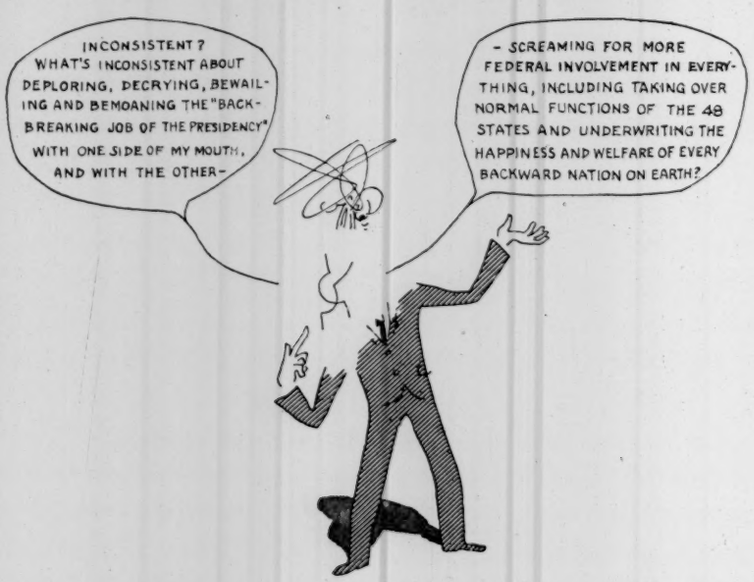
The Right Bait

While I do not wish to push your imagination too far, I can and will throw out a few routines which may help you in the continuing battle with the Left. Start with the admission that, up to now, you have been fighting a losing bout. You have been playing the heavy and you are beginning to look like a nut to the more complacent elements of the community. All right, so ditch the old props and come up with the right bait for these troubled times.

Lay in a couple of books by Lattimore. Leave copies of Arthur Larson's *Modern Republican* book lying around in the open. Pick up enlargements of Herblock cartoons, plaster them all over the living room—and then wait for the Liberals to start noticing you. (Exposure time is short and in most cases the pain in your head won't bother you after a couple of weeks. Note, too, that this is a good way to bring out all the secret Liberals in the neighborhood.) Get your wife into the act. Fit her up with harlequin sun glasses and tell her to keep wearing them. Summer and winter. Furthermore, it isn't a bad idea to have her go around with a copy of the *Manchester Guardian* under her arm so she can flash it in drug stores and book shops. This will bring out more Liberals or "marks" to be worked. If by any chance you can't get the *Guardian*, the *New York Post* is almost as good—but try for the real thing. Also, it might not hurt to sink a couple of bucks in a season ticket for a foreign film house—or to get your Little Theater to produce a play by Miller or Williams. You don't have to show up at either of these productions, but be sure to noise it around that you are supporting them as "a matter of conscience." This is a terrific pitch, and one which makes the mark soft and really pliable.

Keep it up for a month and you will have a ready-made group of "opinion molders" ripe for easy conquest. Once you establish your credentials, all you have to do is to keep the three shells right out in the open and they'll never make you. It is conceivable that within a year you can get this fine body of people to sign a testimonial in support of Bracken Lee or to do sentry duty over the grave of Joe McCarthy.

Is there somebody out front who is getting squeamish at this point? Somebody who detects a base note of fraud? If so, don't let it throw you; it is merely what is left of a Puritan conscience dying a well-deserved death. For fresh inspiration, go to the shelves of your new library, reach in behind your copy of *Native Son* and extract from that dark hiding place the sayings of the prophet, W. C. Fields. Read from his writing this homely and simple thought which both comforts and prods: "You can't cheat an honest man."


INCONSISTENT? WHAT'S INCONSISTENT ABOUT DEPLORING, DECRYING, BEWAILING AND BEMOANING THE "BACK-BREAKING JOB OF THE PRESIDENCY" WITH ONE SIDE OF MY MOUTH, AND WITH THE OTHER-
- SCREAMING FOR MORE FEDERAL INVOLVEMENT IN EVERYTHING, INCLUDING TAKING OVER NORMAL FUNCTIONS OF THE 48 STATES AND UNDERWRITING THE HAPPINESS AND WELFARE OF EVERY BACKWARD NATION ON EARTH?

Kreuttner

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Tale of Two Towns

Sanford, Maine—Congressman Robert Hale, who represents Sanford and a lot of other southern Maine communities in Washington, is a hard worker for his region and his state. He is busy at the moment trying to get federal money for practically everything that has a Maine angle, from shipyards to "interstate" highways. In particular he has been agitating for direct federal assistance, including a distribution of surplus federal food, for the stricken Biddeford-Saco area, which happens to be just twenty miles from Sanford.

Since Sanford people have friends and relatives in Biddeford-Saco they are naturally wishing their Congressman well. But if you press a real Sanford man he is likely to smile a slightly superior smile and make a slightly patronizing pronouncement about communities which depend on federal aid. And he will go on from there to tell you a tale of two towns, of his own "unlucky" Sanford which lost an annual payroll in 1954 of $15 million at one throw of the dice when the local textile works, the Goodall-Sanford Company, was "merged" into the Burlington Mills Company and liquidated; and of "fortunate" Biddeford-Saco, where the proud Saco-Lowell Shops, with a virtual monopoly of the manufacture of certain types of textile machinery, went on producing even in the midst of a general textile depression.

It is by the heavy underscoring of the words "unlucky" and "fortunate" that the Sanford man gives the full flavor of irony to his tale of two towns. Even today Biddeford-Saco is "fortunate" enough to have kept its industry intact from the strictly corporate point of view. Its Saco-Lowell Shops is still in business. But the local Saco-Lowell plants have recently closed down 400 jobs for lack of any orders. And a cry has gone up: let Washington give Saco-Lowell Shops a "defense" contract.

Sanford, on the other hand, is riding comparatively high and not calling upon Washington at all. This town, which "unluckily" lost its entire industry in 1954, has built its annual factory payroll back from nothing to $10 million. How has this startling transformation come about? By something that is known throughout Maine as the "Sanford Movement," a method of locally sponsored and locally financed industrial revivification which is now being copied, at least in the plans, of some twenty-five other Maine communities.

By Their Own Bootstraps

The "Sanford Movement" is strictly self-help and self-reliance. Throughout Maine they tell the story proudly, of how local Sanford citizens, led by the redoubtable Carl Broggi, refused to let their town die or go on federal relief. Working desperately against time, Broggi and his friends found a dealer in industrial properties to buy the old Goodall-Sanford mill buildings on the Mousam River for lease purposes. With the real estate angle solved, the town then made its bid for what is known as "high density" industry—a type of manufacturing which incorporates a lot of skilled labor into a final product that has very small bulk. Two plastics companies, an alloy products company, an aircraft corporation, a chemical company, three specialty textile companies, a couple of shoe companies and a solution company were eventually lured into occupying 1,500,000 square feet of the old mills (total capacity: 2 million square feet). By the end of 1955 the annual Sanford payroll had struggled back to $5 million. And in January of 1958 the payroll stood at $10 million—or two-thirds of the way back to the high point of the not-so-good old days when Sanford was a vulnerable one-industry town.

The Sanford story would seem old in Connecticut, where the citizens of the town of Danbury, using local capital to put up some industrial "park" buildings, have consciously diversified their local industry in order to get off the hook of a one-shot dependency on hats. The story would seem old in Rhode Island, where Woonsocket and Bristol have been trying to get off the hook of textiles. It would seem old, too, in various Massachusetts textile towns which are now thriving on everything from "avionics" and "nucleonics" to "guidance components."

But the Sanford story is new for Maine—and the point is that, whether "new" or "old," it is a story that has a happy ending in nine cases out of ten no matter where it is tried. So impressed are Maine citizens with what Sanford has done that the town of Waterville, which is not troubled at the moment by any serious depression, has decided to build some entirely new payrolls by utilizing the Sanford self-help formula. Waterville, on the Kennebec River, is a pulp products center, dealing in such things as pie plates and egg cartons. It is also a manufacturer of woolen garments. So far as the town is aware, it is not in any danger of losing any of its industries. Nevertheless, as a hedge for the future, Waterville has decided to build its own industrial park. On April 15 it is breaking ground for a 30,000 square feet all-purpose building designed to attract "high density" small concerns in the electronic and nucleonic fields. The money for the building—$162,000—has all been raised locally. Most of the stock purchases have come in small amounts averaging $100; as local people will tell you, "the guy with the dinner bucket has picked up the load." But students at nearby Colby College have bought stock, too—and the park proprietors have been amused to note that Waterville's private "local" capitalism has appealed to boys and girls from as far away as California, New York and North Carolina.

Maine citizens still hope that their Bath Iron Works near the mouth of the Kennebec will get some new destroyer contracts, and they probably would not sniff at surplus federal food for the unemployed in the Biddeford-Saco district. But when Maine wants to go from "here to there," it is the spirit of Carl Broggi of Sanford that is invoked. Washington, D.C., is very far away.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Has History Tenure?

Mr. Robert H. Montgomery of Boston thinks Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s obsessive partisanship has disqualified him as a historian. Mr. Schlesinger, says Mr. Montgomery, an alumnus of Harvard and an attorney, has put history at the disposal of ideology. Under the circumstances, he feels, Harvard's tenure appointment of Mr. Schlesinger is, so to speak, Reversible Error.

To illustrate his point, Mr. Montgomery cites Schlesinger's account, (in the first volume of his *Age of Roosevelt*) of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which so indelibly marked the American psyche. Shortly after the book was published, the New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard-Times* charged Mr. Schlesinger with "deliberate distortion or, even worse, deliberate falsification."

The editorial, which Mr. Montgomery quoted in a letter of protest to President Pusey of Harvard, reproduced Schlesinger's breezy and tendentious treatment of the case (". . . police picked up two Italians in an automobile filled with the innocent and febrile literature of anarchistic propaganda . . . These were the days of the red scare . . . they stood little chance as confessed radicals, aliens and draft-dodgers in a time of hysteria.") The editorial detailed the facts Mr. Schlesinger had got wrong in his jaunty chronicle; but more important than the facts twisted were the facts he had left out altogether, which turned out to be those that were most incriminating. When Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested for murder, said the editorial, "they were not carrying 'literature.' They were carrying guns. Sacco had a .32-caliber pistol containing nine bullets. He had 23 additional bullets in his pockets. The bullets were of such a rare type as to be unique; no duplicate could be found by prosecution or defense for ballistic test purposes. They matched the type of bullet found in the dead guard's heart. Vanzetti was carrying a .38-caliber revolver, fully loaded. He had four 12-gauge shotgun shells in a pocket. This evidence, and positive identification, led to Vanzetti's being convicted of an earlier, unsuccessful Bridgewater payroll holdup, in which a 12-gauge shotgun had been used."

Rather a lot to leave out if the readers of Mr. Schlesinger, historian, are supposed to have some idea of the facts on the basis of which one decides whether Sacco and Vanzetti were executed because they were tried at "a time of hysteria," or because they had killed a man, and then exploited their anarchism to attract the sympathy (which they surely did in the seven ensuing years) of the intellectual class of six continents. Certainly Mr. Schlesinger did not intimate that there were two issues involved, one whether S-V were fairly tried, the other whether they were guilty of the crime. At any rate, if posthumous victories mean anything, Sacco and Vanzetti can take comfort in having joined the ranks of the world's most famous martyrs. "The momentum of the established order required the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti," Schlesinger quotes the publisher of the Boston *Herald*, "and never in your life or mine, has that momentum acquired such tremendous force."

Mr. Montgomery attempted to get from President Pusey, and from Harvard's Dean, Mr. McGeorge Bundy, satisfaction on the following point: If in fact Mr. Schlesinger writes not history, but a perversion of it that suits his purpose, is he entitled to a Harvard chair? "Mr. Schlesinger's political and social views and opinions are not in issue. The issue is whether a man who flagrantly and without repentance has again and again violated the rules and ethics of scholarship is qualified to be a professor of history and a teacher of youth."

That Mr. Schlesinger is unrepentant, Montgomery was in a position to prove. For although he had written to his publisher to correct a number of the inaccuracies in the original version, he had not inserted any reference to the central perversion: the omission of any mention of the artillery found on Sacco and Vanzetti at the moment they were apprehended. ("My book," Schlesinger had written Montgomery defensively, "is entitled *The Age of Roosevelt*, not *The Age of Sacco and Vanzetti.*")

Mr. Pusey conceded that Mr. Montgomery's specific charge on the treatment of the Sacco-Vanzetti case was "well documented," but added that there was no proof whatever that Schlesinger had done anything so "flagrant" as to provoke the Corporation to review his qualifications. If a professor's academic performance becomes slipshod, said Mr. Pusey, he will be punished, don't you worry: the fellow members of the faculty will lose their respect for him—"a potent form of discipline."

Potent, hell, Montgomery shot back. Who at Harvard thinks the less of Schlesinger for domesticating history to the service of the Liberal Establishment? Pusey himself would not bother, Montgomery predicted, to refer the complaint to Schlesinger's Department. Nor would he, Montgomery, take the trouble to pass the word, "knowing how futile it would be to expect that little mutual admiration society to do anything but screech about academic freedom and rude intrusion from the outside." If pressure is ever brought to bear on Mr. Schlesinger, it will be from the outside. But "while the slow process of bringing Schlesinger into disrepute goes on, his undergraduate students will continue to be taught falsehoods and his graduate students will by precept and example be taught dishonest methods of scholarship."

Dean Bundy dismissed Montgomery by stating that Lawrence Lowell, who was president of Harvard at the time of the trial and sided with the court against Sacco and Vanzetti, a) was Bundy's great-uncle, and b) would not himself, however much he disagreed with him, have taken disciplinary action against Schlesinger: "President Lowell would

(*Continued on p. 334*)

First in Peace

RICHARD M. WEAVER

When Douglas Southhall Freeman, author of the definitive *R. E. Lee*, died in 1953, he was at work on a seven-volume life of Washington. Five volumes had been issued, and the sixth, which was near completion, was finished by his colleagues of the *Richmond News Leader*. The publisher then arranged for two of his co-workers, John Alexander Carroll and Mary Wells Ashworth, to write the closing volume of the series. This work, covering the period from the beginning of Washington's second Administration to his death in 1799, now appears under the title *George Washington: First in Peace* (Scribner, $10.00).

Admirers of Dr. Freeman will have no cause to be disappointed with the achievement of those who took over the task. In completeness, in scholarship, in judiciousness, and in style, this work compares favorably with the *Lee* and with the *Washington* volumes from Dr. Freeman's own hand. Here is biography in its highest conception—a narrative of balance and candor, free from the crudities, distortions, special pleading, and curious social assumptions which have plagued this department of literature in recent decades.

The reflective reader of this life may well wonder how it has ever happened that Lincoln has been elevated above Washington in the national pantheon, or even placed on a level with him. Washington gave forty-five years to public service in one form or another, and the problems which he faced when he became a national leader seem vastly more difficult and dangerous. Lincoln had on his side an immense superiority of resources: he could afford to make mistakes and simply charge them to surplus. Washington had no such surplus; one or two mistakes and all might have been lost. For seven years he led the almost forlorn hope of the American Revolution. Perceiving, like an early Mahan, the influence of sea power on such struggles, he got the help of a French fleet to bottle up Cornwallis.

Once the nation was formed, he had to be the helmsman of an infant republic for eight years. The first of these were relatively untroubled, but the last four, with which this volume deals in great detail, were anything but so. With one arm he had to hold off Britain and France—Britain resentful, and France aggressive and filled with the idea that America owed her much for services in the Revolution; and with the other he had to hold off the Indians of the Northwestern and Southern frontiers, who were perennially being incited by British and Spanish agents. It was a triumph of realism and sound judgment.

The greatest share of Washington's troubles came from Revolutionary France. Just a few weeks before he entered upon his second term, Louis XVI had gone to the guillotine, and a few months later a general European war broke out. Both Britain and France counted on making use of American produce, and France had high hopes of bringing America in on her side, the more so because there was in America a very large and vocal "French Party."

In April of that year Citizen Genêt, the new French Minister to the United States, arrived at Charleston full of boldness and intrigue, and at once set about commissioning ships for the service of France. Then he made a triumphal tour from Charleston to Philadelphia before bothering to present himself to the government. Angered by Washington's unshakeable determination to keep America neutral, he threatened to appeal to the people over the head of the President. This was too much; even the pro-French Jefferson had to back down and admit that Genêt was no longer *persona grata*. There was poetic reversal in the fact that before Genêt could return to France, his own party fell from power and he faced the prospect of the guillotine. Washington, who "would take no agency, however remote, in the bloody business of the French Terror," allowed him to remain in this country, of which he eventually became a citizen.

The following year brought the Whiskey Rebellion. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania's western counties, to whom whiskey was not a luxury, but "medicine and nourishment" and "the main source of livelihood," were offering violent resistance to the government's excise tax on liquor. There is something odd in the spectacle of Washington mounting his horse and accompanying the forces as far as Bedford, where 13,000 militiamen were collecting to put down the movement. There is no sign that he took joy in the mission, and the mildness of his response to an address from the citizens of Carlisle should have set the tone for subsequent Presidents: "In any case in which it may be indispensable to raise the sword of Justice against obstinate offenders, I shall deprecate the necessity of deviating from a favorite aim, to establish the authority of the laws in the affection of all rather than in the fears of any."

THIS IS perhaps the place for a question about the nature of Washington's Federalism. It seems not to have been a highly conscious, defined, and articulate theory of politics, with premises and settled objectives, like that of Hamilton or Fisher Ames. Washington had given the best years of his life to making the nation a going concern, and he did not wish

to see it dissolved at this early stage, especially for transient causes. Experience in the field and in office had taught him that a firm sort of organization would promote his end and that the opposite would not. It seems to have been little more complex than this.

There is the notion that his Federalist principles were somehow connected with his being one of the wealthiest men of the country. Readers will discover that although he may have been land-rich, he was almost money-poor. On one occasion the petitioner for a loan of $3,000 had to be informed that he had less than that amount in the bank. On another, he wrote a neighbor who had asked for help: "My friends entertain a very erroneous idea of my pecuniary resources when they set me down for a money lender. . . . My public allowance, whatever the world may think of it, is inadequate to the expense of living in this city. . . . To keep myself out of debt, I have found it expedient now and then to sell lands."

There is an ancient maxim that none should be allowed to rule except those who do not desire to rule. By this standard it would be hard to find a figure in history whose title to magistracy was clearer than Washington's. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of an exclamation, made in a moment of anger over journalistic abuse, that he would rather be a farmer than emperor of the world. More plaintively he wrote to Edmund Pendleton near the middle of his second term: "I can religiously aver that no man was ever more tired of public life, or more devoutly wished for retirement than I do." He was destined to have less than three years of the kind of life he longed for.

From the time he joined his staff at the age of twenty-two, there was no man upon whom Washington relied more steadily than Alexander Hamilton. In important ways the two men complemented each other. "He is enterprising, quick in his perceptions, and his judgment is intuitively great," is how Washington characterized him after twenty years of association. Last year Columbia University celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of Hamilton's birth, and included on the program was a group of three lectures by Professor Broadus Mitchell. These are now published, with a few of Hamilton's letters appended, as *Heritage from Hamilton* (Columbia, $3.75).

How one wishes that Professor Mitchell had learned something of style from the chief author of the *Federalist.* Filled with halting sentences and fumbling diction, many passages of this work are a torture to get through. Nor is one likely to feel that such faults are overshadowed by brilliance of content. There are many true observations about Hamilton's role, of course. But it is surely straining things to the limit to portray him as a father of modern socialist collectivism. How many would ever guess that Hamilton was a forerunner of Norman Thomas? But here we read: "It was by national action, for which Hamilton and his friends cleared the way, that Mr. Thomas' socialist program has been sensibly forwarded." Later he remarks with evident satisfaction: "His [Hamilton's] *reasoning* could have served as a model for Soviet planning a hundred and forty years afterward."

The left-wingism of the Liberal professors seems almost a madness, driving them to grab at anything which can be used to strike at conservative ideals of liberty and responsibility. The book is filled with sallies against opponents of the New Deal, of centralization, of administrative law. There are even a couple of sermons against the sin of opposing integration. It is all summed up in the prescription that if states and other groups insist upon local ways of doing things, "they must be aided or commanded to conform to national standards."

But as Washington said, Hamilton's judgment was "intuitively great." He would have made the distinctions that seem to lie beyond Professor Mitchell.

Poet Out of His Age

E. MERRILL ROOT

Roy Campbell, born into greater ages of the past, would have ridden beside Lancelot or died with Roland; born into the greater ages that may come when we have buried the last positivist, he would have sung purely of blazing colors and noble energies. Condemned to this age of sex-obsessed eunuchs who negate love and blind men who deny the rainbow, he was fretted into noble rages that sometimes marred his purer poetry. Yet even amid the alien corn of today, he wrote, as this volume of his *Collected Poems* (Regnery, $6.50) attests, some deathless poems—poems too great for our petty critics even to see.

Campbell's greatest poetry, which will live when our bards of shreds and patches are rags in the wind, came early. He was a South African, warmed by fiercer suns, splendidly savage with the land of elephant and leopard. There was in him that central fire that keeps earth's heart still a star: out of that star-fire his poems leaped like elemental jets of lava. *The Flaming Terrapin* (his first book) dared to fuse, in modern terms and a fiercer soul, the rainbows that ran on the palette of Keats. It is a song of living beasts and singing colors, which all who love life ever love. Its hot splendors daunt, dismay and transcend the lap-dog critics of today. That book, unfortunately, is not represented in this volume.

The last of the Paladins, after G. K. Chesterton's death, star-centered and flame-centered, Campbell knew the eternal truth that Roland knew, and he sang it absolutely, as Roland sang it: "Paynims are wrong, Christians are right!" He knew and sang the wonder and joy of essential Christianity—never confusing it with the ethical do-goodery that supposes you have found God when you give your brother a bellyful. He knew the Renaissance of Wonder, the many mansions, the Living Vine.

In this volume, Campbell is at his best in his short lyrics of love, wonder, devotion. He can etch an image and a mood in two lines, as in "Fishing Boats in Martigue":

> Around the quays, kicked off in twos,
> The Four Winds dry their wooden shoes.

Such lyrics are the fierce yet tender "Nativity"; the rich imagery of "Jousé's Horses"; "Orion," that lovely lyric of love; and, above all, the beautiful and holy "Counsel," one of the few great religious poems since Chesterton died.

In lyric after lyric, Campbell pours forth imagery, swift from an inexhaustible quiver, like arrows feathered in many colors. In "The Singing Hawk" (a poem that lifts Jeffers' metallic cruelty into vital truth), he writes:

> These days the singer has to be a fighter:
> The honey must be guarded by the sting:
> And though you live for song, you are a smiter,
> A hunter, and a sword upon the wing.

In such lyrics phrases ripple and shine: ". . . Churning with the strife of savage races, Like deep Zambesi . . . ," "We wear the night and thunder for our dress," "The zebras strum the wind with silver bars," an almond-tree in bud "prayed on the dawn. . . ." If Campbell's vision is like the one light, his artistry breaks it splendidly into the spectrum of the many colors.

GALLANTLY for his vision, yet unhappily for his poetry, this "sword upon the wing" was drawn into versified ideological battles. He could not suffer fools gladly—the savage Communists and their ideologies, the suave Liberals with their illusions: he fought them all, from the yeggheads to the eggheads. His long polemic, "Flowering Rifle," is full of phrases like flaming arrows:

> By dead statistic would control a city . . . .
> . . . urge the world to war for peace's sake. . . .
> And Freud, the pervert's Bible. . . .
> And reading without wisdom is to blame
> For half the world destroyed with blood or flame.

Like a surgeon of genius, he lays his inexorable finger on the pathology of collectivism, and says: "Cut here . . . cauterize there."

Yet the poet is not the surgeon who exorcises illness, but the sun that showers health. Campbell was too true a poet for Byronic satire, for caustic surgery: his genius should sing the sun, should *be* the sun. Thus "Flowering Rifle" is *interesting* as historical commentary, *valid* as ideological polemic, but *not* Olympian poetry. The prose prologue, the prose footnotes, do his work better than the verse—because prose is the true instrument of such necessary criticism. It is a poem to read once with profit, but not twice for prophecy.

Yet here is a volume for all the valid of the earth to read and love. It proves that, even amid the yeggheads and the eggheads, a poet can be a man . . . and a man can be a poet.

Men and Manners

Vale Carne

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

CARNIVAL in New Orleans. What is it really like? Is it, as some claim, an anachronism, a painfully nurtured microcosm of the past? Aren't the balls, the secret societies, the socially prestigious "Krewes" of Comus, Momus, Proteus and Rex with their emphasis on family, background and tradition outmoded in this the Space Age? Hasn't it become vulgarized, taken over by public relations men to fill the hotels, restaurants and Bourbon Street honky-tonks for two weeks in what would normally be a dull tourist period? Above all, mustn't there be something wrong in a city which gives itself over for nearly a fortnight to nothing more uplifting than the production and consumption of a good time, of lightheartedness and fun?

Well, and, as usual, yes and no. Carnival is loud, it is commercial. It is undoubtedly a shot in the arm to business. But anachronistic it is not. In this predominantly Roman Catholic city with its strong French and Spanish heritage, Carnival has retained its original religious meaning. It is the feast, the celebration, the last outpouring of gaiety before the forty days of mourning, fast and penance which make up a Lent which is rigorously observed in New Orleans where, as the Italian word implies, it is a farewell (*vale*) to meat (*carne*).

Is it snobbish? Yes, in part, if by snobbery one means exclusiveness. There is probably no social rampart in North America harder to breach than membership in the four leading New Orleans Carnival organizations. But is exclusiveness bad *per se*? Isn't it rather something to be admired in a day when social *mores* demand that we keep up with the Joneses, but, at the same time, live (or pretend to live) no better than the Smiths?

While all admit that Momus, Comus, Proteus and Rex are the best, there is little reason for any one in New Orleans to suffer a seriously bruised psyche these days, given the proliferation of Carnival organizations, or "Krewes" as they are known. Between Twelfth Night and Mardi Gras, 65 Krewes put on 65 balls, two or three sometimes scheduled for a single night with an occasional unexpected effect—such as the series of dull, floor-shaking booms which interrupted a stately minuet the Krewe of Mystery was performing against a lavish backdrop of Colonial Williamsburg. It turned out that the somewhat less *comme il faut* Krewe of Babylon, holding forth on the other side of the Municipal Auditorium, had reached the climax of its ball and was shooting some of its maskers out of cannons.

MEMBER OF a ball or not, it's hard *not* to have a good time on Mardi Gras itself, a day on which everything is allowed—but stuffiness. Take the Zulu parade, for instance. . . . It's seven A.M., cold and bright, when His Royal Highness King Zulu, replete in grass skirt and tin crown, draws up to the Poydras Street dock aboard a tar-decked tug (a deliberate spoof of Rex's more dignified arrival at the foot of Canal Street). King Zulu's motto, he proudly proclaims, is "My Kingdom is All Shook Up." And so, probably, is His Highness when he catches sight of his queen in (and we quote the social notes) "a gown of lace and brilliants, silver crown, a purple, gold and green

scepter, dangling rhinestones, a bouquet of red carnations and a huge purple orchid"—a costume which draws from one spectator the admiring comment: "Look at dat queen. Ain't she resplending?" Zulu has warned his followers that any one caught "imbibing or snatching any alcoholic beverages will be ejected from his float and sent home in disgrace," but as the Zulu parade weaves its erratic course through the city it becomes apparent that the warning was more of a gesture toward the NAACP, which frowns on Zuluism, than a serious ruling. . . .

TEN O'CLOCK. Canal Street is as crowded as Times Square on election night. Six hundred thousand people are out on the streets, 100,000 of them in costume. There's hardly a child in mufti. The old favorites, pirates, clowns, devils and cowboys still predominate although two space-age toddlers in a "Vanguard" rocket-stroller bearing the words "Earth or Bust" get a big laugh. . . . A father swings his small red devil to a lofty seat on the top of a stepladder with the words "Mardi Gras, Mardi Gras, chickle a pie," using a phrase whose origin is all but forgotten. It comes from the French, "Mardi Gras, Mardi Gras, *chic à la paille*," a derisive way of telling Mardi Gras (any masker) that he is about as well turned out as a straw man. . . . "It's coming!" someone yells, and with the roar of sirens from the motorcycle brigade, Rex, King of Carnival, comes into view.

His is the first of twenty lofty floats, nearly a year in the making, which depict scenes from the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen. But few see any but the first float. The interest now centers on the individual maskers. "Hey mister," goes up the cry, "throw me something, throw me something. . . ." And the maskers respond with a steady stream of beads, rubber balls, toy pistols, yo-yo's, plastic ducks and a thousand other favors. . . . A middle-aged lady in mink dives into the gutter in pursuit of a string of glass beads (cost: 89 cents the gross) with the same intensity of purpose as a seven-year-old Negro cowboy. . . . It's Barnum and Bailey, Ringling Brothers, State Fair and Christmas all wrapped into one for children of New Orleans and it, too, comes but once a year. . . .

It's all but over now. Rex has drunk his toast to the Mayor at the new glass and concrete City Hall. He has paused to greet his queen and her maids at the super-exclusive Boston Club (an establishment so stuffy that it served Teddy Roosevelt his glass of champagne at the front door). . . . And now it's the turn of Comus, King of Mirth and Joy. The Comus parade winds its way through the streets illuminated by an uncertain light as the brawny flambeaux bearers strut, truck and dance their way along a five-mile marching route to the strains of "Dixie," "Way Down South in New Orleans" and the Carnival theme, "If Ever I Cease to Love."

Finally, the climactic balls of Rex and Comus. And for the first and only time of the Carnival season, a meeting of Royalty as Rex, King of Carnival, and his queen and court leave their own ball to call on Comus and his queen, for Comus is the oldest of the Carnival organizations. The formal presentation. A final double grand march, the heady and hasty windup of the Carnival season and of the diurnal reigns of Comus and Rex. Midnight is tolling. It's Ash Wednesday now, and Lent has started. . . .

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

LECTURES ON ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES, VOL. I, by Sir Dennis H. Robertson (John de Graff, $6.00). The "Cambridge school" of economics has—since the days of Alfred Marshall—been composed of an indigestible potpourri of fuzzy definitions, tangled short cuts, quasi-mathematics, unsupported ethical dicta, and a terribly garbled style. The key to this chaos is eclecticism in method and in content. Sir Dennis Robertson—the Grand Old Man of British economics—has added to this concoction a gentle and pawky humor, irrelevant digressions and quotations from the poets, and mock humility: in short, an air of insufferable coquetry. In consequence, the unwary reader of this first volume of Sir Dennis' lectures on "elementary" economics will first think he is reading a simple and charming tale, only to find himself suddenly over his head in an incomprehensible Cantabrigian underbrush. Best, then, to avoid this booby trap. M. N. ROTHBARD

THE VOYAGE HOME, by Ernest Schnabel (Harcourt, $3.75). In publishing Odysseus' "autobiography," Mr. Schnabel has written an account of a man trying to outlive his own fate-written legend. But none of us really can, if we are lucky enough to have one. Odysseus had, and began appreciating it when the factual truth sounded like a dime novel. "Is that I?" he asked unhappily. "No," answered a blind poet, who was also there. "All deeds and sufferings come from heaven and they have to befall us. Stories need them in order to live. I may make you into the *real* Odysseus, mayn't I?" J. L. WEIL

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1958: PARLIAMENTS, PARTIES AND PRESS, edited by Walter H. Mallory (Harper, $3.95). A useful, well-organized and authoritative guide to the changing governments, parties and organizations of the contemporary world, this handbook will be of great assistance to professional and amateur alike in their efforts to keep up with—and pin down—the meaning of the names that flit across our headlines. Highly recommended. F. S. MEYER

To the Editor

Capturing the Summit

Reading in the March 22 issue Mr. Burnham's "Summit This Summer?" an obvious move occurs to me that would checkmate the Russians: beat the Russians to the punch; say "Of course we agree to a summit conference—on the express condition that the first item on the conference agenda will be the withdrawal of all Russian troops from Eastern Europe's satellite nations and suitable indemnities to the government and citizens of Hungary."

Give this world-wide and ample publicity and emphasize that Russia, who talks so feelingly of peace, freedom and coexistence, now can prove her sincerity by bestowing peace and freedom on the enslaved satellites. I rather think Khrushchev would curl up and stay quiet. A long list of similarly apt, but unwelcome, agenda items could be prepared and kept ready for any future summit talks.

North Miami, Fla. HENRY I. BAKER

Pending Cases and the Press

The article "Verdict for Freedom" [March 15] by Frank Hughes seems to require emendation. There was, for example, a notable victory for freedom of the press between *Near* v. *Minnesota* in 1933 and the Crippen-Miller case of 1957; and there *was* an attempt by the Roosevelt Administration to censor the press.

The victory referred to was the beating off by the *Los Angeles Times* of an effort by the Los Angeles Bar Association to punish it for contempt, on the basis of comments on court actions. A self-appointed committee of the organization dredged up some seven instances, including at least one of contempt, not of court, but of the august Bar Association. Judge Emmet Wilson found the *Times* guilty on five counts and imposed heavy fines on the company and jail on the managing editor. The California Supreme Court tossed out two counts and the United States Supreme Court the other three; and made it the law that comment even on pending cases may not be punished, unless there is "clear and present danger" to justice. The ruling has since been bolstered by several others, including a case in Florida and one in Texas.

The reason this case escaped general notice probably was that the decision was handed down December 8, 1941—the Monday after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The Roosevelt Administration tried to indict the *Chicago Tribune* on a charge of disclosing official secrets, but the Chicago grand jury declined to vote an indictment and the matter was dropped.

Los Angeles, Cal. EDWARD C. KRAUSS

The Fourth Estate Marches

I have just called for a Crusade from the Fourth Estate to repeal United States Code, Title 18, Section 612, in my column of last Saturday; this is based on what I read in NATIONAL REVIEW [March 15].

Have had some very fine reaction on it from this end, already.

Hollywood, Cal. GEORGE TODT

Christian Schools vs. N.C.A.

A straight A to Mr. Kirk for his no-punches-pulled blast at the North Central Association and its mindless accreditation criteria ["From the Academy," March 22]. Mr. Kirk's article expertly bares the bitter choice which almost every Christian educator faces at a time when the anti-intellectual N.C.A. is presiding over the annihilation of both Christianity and education in the schools.

However, a C to Mr. Kirk from the research department. His pointed critique was as refreshing and incisive as some of his data was mistaken. In all fairness to your readers you will want to apprise them of the following:

In the first place, Holland Christian High School in Holland, Michigan, is *not* connected in any way with the Dutch Reformed Church nor it is connected in any way with Hope College in Holland, Michigan. It *is* connected directly with the Christian Reformed Church, the hundred-year-old sister-denomination to the Reformed Church in America.

Holland Christian High School, which defiantly chose to continue education rather than accreditation, is one of nineteen Christian secondary schools and literally scores of Christian grammar schools (scattered from Paterson, New Jersey to Bellflower, California), which are bound together by the National Union of Christian Schools, with offices located in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Finances, teaching personnel and students for these schools come almost exclusively from the membership of the Christian Reformed Church, though the schools are parental not parochial. In Grand Rapids, too, is the liberal arts college owned by the Christian Reformed Church, Calvin College, which supplies both leadership for the National Union and teachers for its schools.

In this context the protest of Holland Christian is not isolated nor is it insignificant. Its action reflects . . . the deepest conviction of its Christian Reformed clientele. In the name of Christianity and in the name of education this community has voiced its historic Calvinistic conviction that education is primarily the responsibility of the parents and that these parents at least will obey God rather than man. Revolutions are occasioned with just such small actions of principle.

Bloomington, Ind. RONALD JAGER

"Rural Virginia"

In Richard Whalen's article ["Rural Virginia: A Microcosm," March 8] he tries to create what he thinks is the proper atmosphere for his ideas of life in rural Virginia but it is all artificial. I was born and raised in rural Virginia and live on a farm. I wish to refute some of his observations.

The farmers all wear hats, their necks are no redder than the necks in the sacred Northern states. They speak good English. The bulk of our young farmers are high school graduates and many have gone to college. . . . I have never seen a buckboard, and if a pair of mules can trundle anything big enough to block a road, it would not be a road used by a string of trailer trucks and autos. Both the whites and Negroes farm mostly with tractors. The word shack

does not apply to the average Negro home. If it is not painted, it is at least freshly whitewashed. His house is no more dusty, his hogs no muddier, his overalls no more faded than any white man's. Yet Mr. Whalen implies that these are particular attributes of the Negro.

Mr. Whalen sets a lot of store by city life and speaks patronizingly of the hamlets and crossroads of Virginia where the "simple," through ignorance or fanaticism, believe in school segregation. . . .

You said in your introductory note that he is a graduate of a typical Northern College. He still remains typical of his section and also remains a victim of his preconceptions.

Manteo, Va. KATE PATTESON

I have just read Richard Whalen's article. It was one of the most balanced and responsible treatments of conditions in the South that I have thus far seen. Mr. Whelan has achieved a remarkably objective perspective on these highly inflammatory issues. He is to be commended for his restraint and circumspection.

Mr. Whalen also shows a splendid knack of putting words together and coming out with some of the most entertaining prose-writing that I have seen in a long time. I hope that we can look forward to more of his work in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Richmond Hills, N. Y. MARY ANN FAHYS

The Artist and the South

"The Quality of the South," by Andrew Lytle, in your issue of March 8, will probably receive little acclaim in the Liberal dominating circles of historical publication. Yet it is Mr. Lytle who has in this issue penned not only the great qualitative meaning of the South, but also its great arsenal of defense and of future preservation: the artist, "who will maintain the image of what makes the South a distinct and perhaps lasting way of life."

A land where man still glories in his heritage of noble and courageous renown, takes pride in his race and nationality, worships God and not science, venerates the historical tradition of his forefathers, rejoices in his cultural distinction, holds spirit over materialism, glories in the advancement of his homeland with deep patriotism, shows a fighting spirit to defend his beliefs, and most important, loves all that is dear to him with a great and passionate love, is a land worth fighting for. The South is such a land. A united South, a strong South, a cultural South, by the poet, writer, statesman and artist, a land to rise again. Dixie remembers and lives while other lands forget and die.

Oakland, Cal. JOHN G. WHITE

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THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from p. 328*)

have found absurd the notion that a Harvard professor should be fired for what he did *not* write about the Sacco-Vanzetti Case." (Remember this one. If God's in his heaven, it will find a place in logic textbooks.)

And so the Administration of Harvard, by its own admission, has taken no action whatever. Perhaps McGeorge Bundy, dialing the number himself on his private line, called Schlesinger up. I can imagine a conversation about as follows: "Arthur? Mac Bundy."

"Yeah, hi Mac."

"Okay. I've been going over all this Montgomery correspondence, and there's a trustee meeting coming up, and Montgomery sent them all copies. Tell me, Arthur, what *about* the goddam guns they found on Sacco and Vanzetti?"

"Oh—well, that's a complicated story, Mac, and I don't really have time to go into it."

Bundy to Montgomery (December 19, 1957): ". . . the evidence on guns and bullets . . . is more complex than your summary of it" (the rest of the letter was about Dean Bundy's great-uncle).

I happen to have a high regard for Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Let me hasten to amplify that statement before my friends slit my throat, and Schlesinger slits his. I admire the man who can do as many things as Schlesinger does, and do them so well. I admire a man of demonstrated scholarly talent who, out of a lively sense of engagement in the affairs of his country, contributes actively—in Schlesinger's case formatively—to the nation's political evolution. (The fact that Mr. Schlesinger is doing his best to make America uninhabitable is outside the point.) I go so far as to say that Schlesinger is too intelligent to treat Montgomery's criticism so frivolously. Something else weighs on him. He just can't bear to put it into his book, about the revolver and the corresponding bullets. I suspect it is because to do so would force Schlesinger himself to go back, and think through the case of Sacco and Vanzetti.

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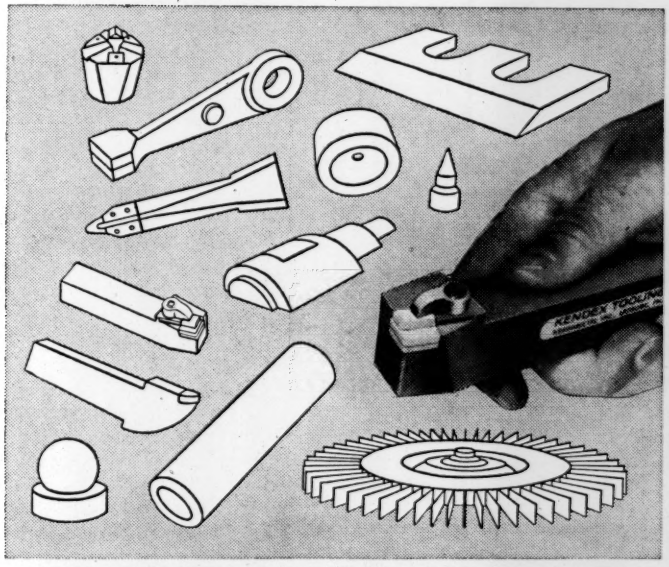

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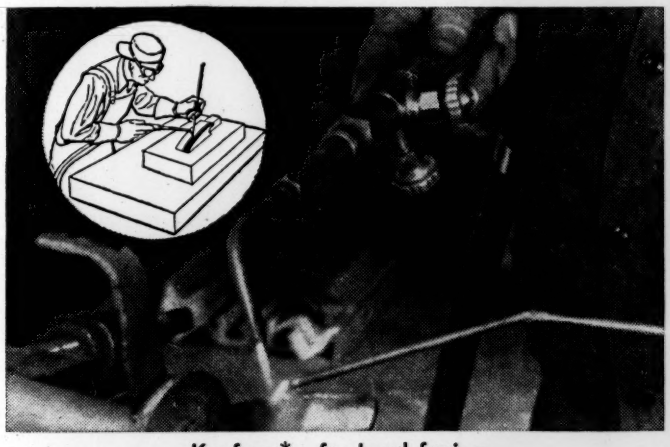

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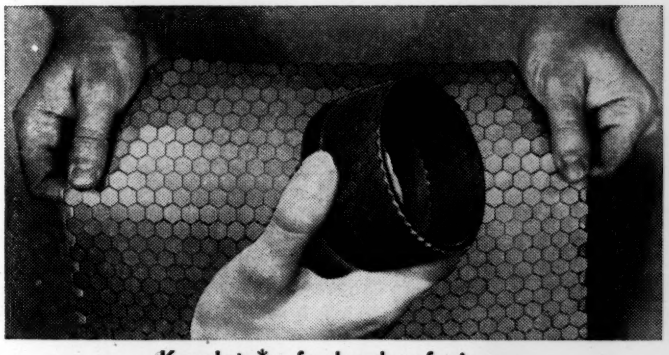

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